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## Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

V.—MUSICAL SEASON OF 1844—BERLIOZ—MENDELSSOHN—FERDINAND HILLER—PIANISTS—LISZT.

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

*A tout seigneur tout honneur.* We begin, to-day, with BERLIOZ, whose first concert opened the musical season, and might be regarded as the overture thereto. The more or less new pieces that were here brought before the public met with due applause; and even the most sluggish souls were carried away by the impetus of genius that reveals itself in all the creations of the great master. Here is a flapping of wings that indicates no common song-bird; it is a colossal nightingale, of eagle's size, such as may have existed in the primeval world. Yes, the Berlioz music has for me something primeval, if not antediluvian; it reminds me of fabulous kingdoms and of monstrous sins, of high-heaped and towering impossibilities; of Babylon, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the wonder-works of Mizraim, such as we see in the pictures of the English Martin. In fact, if we look round for an analogy in the art of Painting, we find remarkable resemblance and affinity between Berlioz and the mad Briton; the same feeling for the monstrous, for the gigantic, for material immeasurableness. In the one, sharp effects of light and shadow; in the other, screaming instrumentation; in the one, little melody; in the other little color; in both, little beauty and not any soul. Their works are neither antique nor romantic; they remind you neither of Greece nor of the Catholic middle ages; but they point much farther back, to the Assyrian-Babylonian-Egyptian period of architecture, and to the mere massiveness that is expressed therein.

What a regular modern man, on the contrary, is our FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY, our highly-honored countryman, whom we mention next on account of the Symphony which was brought out by him in the concert hall of the Conservatoire. We owe this enjoyment to the active zeal of his friends and patrons here. Although this Symphony of Mendelssohn was very frostily received in the Conservatoire, yet it deserves the recognition of all true connoisseurs in Art. It is a work of genuine beauty, one of the best of Mendelssohn. But how comes it that since the *Paulus* was presented to the public here, no laurel crown will bloom on French soil for an artist so deserving and so highly gifted? How comes it that here all efforts go to wreck, and that the last desperate resource of the Odeon theatre, the performance of the chorusses to *Antigone*, was followed by the same lamentable result? Mendelssohn always affords us an occasion to reflect upon the highest problems of aesthetics. Especially are we always reminded in him of the great question: What is the distinction between Art and falsehood? We admire most in this master his great talent for form, for *stylistics*, his gift for assimilating what is most ex-

traordinary, his exquisite invoice, his fine lizard's ear, his delicate feelers, and his earnest, I might almost say passionate, indifference. If we seek in a sister art for an analogous appearance, we find it this time in poetry, and its name is LUDWIG TIECK. This master, too, knew always how to reproduce what was most excellent, whether in writing or in reading aloud; he understood how to produce the *naïve*, and yet he has never created anything which subdued the multitude and lived on in their hearts. The more gifted Mendelssohn would be more likely to succeed in creating something lasting, but not on the ground where truth and passion are the first requirements, not upon the stage; so Ludwig Tieck, in spite of his most ardent longing, never could bring it to a dramatic performance.

Besides the Mendelssohn symphony, we heard with great interest, in the Conservatoire, a symphony of the blessed MOZART, and a no less talented composition by HANDEL. They were received with great applause.

Our excellent countryman, FERDINAND HILLER, enjoys too great an esteem among the intelligent friends of Art to make it necessary for us, great as the names are which we have just named, to mention him among the composers whose works have found deserved recognition here in the Conservatoire. Hiller is more a thinking than a feeling musician, and too great learnedness is even made an objection to him. Mind and science may frequently, perhaps, impart a certain coldness to the compositions of this *doctinaire*, yet they are always graceful, beautiful and charming. Of wry-mouthed eccentricity there is here no trace; Hiller has an artistic affinity with his countryman, Wolfgang Goethe. Hiller, too, was born at Frankfort, where, when I last passed through, I saw his paternal house. It is called "*Zum grünen Frosch*," (the Green Frog,) and the image of a frog may be seen over the front door. But Hiller's compositions never remind one of such an unmusical beast, but rather of larks, nightingales, and other sorts of singing birds of Spring.

There has been no lack of concert-giving pianists here this year. The *ides of March*, especially, were notable days in that particular. Everything jingles away, and will be heard, if only for a show, that one may put on airs as a great celebrity beyond the barriers of Paris. These artist youths, especially in Germany, know how to speculate upon the begged or stolen rags of feuilleton praise; and in the newspaper puffs there we may read how the celebrated genius, the great RUDOLPH W., has arrived—the rival of Liszt and Thalberg, the piano-forte hero, who has excited such a great regard in Paris, and has even been praised by the critic Jules Janin. Hosanna! Now, one who has chanced to see such a poor fly in Paris, and who knows how little notice is here taken even of more important personages, finds the credulity of the public very entertaining, and the coarse shamelessness of the virtuoso very disgusting. But the sin lies

deeper, namely, in the condition of our daily press; and this, again, is only a result of worse fatalities.

I must still come back to the conviction that there are but three pianists who deserve a serious consideration, namely: CHOPIN, the gracious tone-poet, who unfortunately has been sick, and seldom visible this winter; then THALBERG, the musical gentleman, who, in fact, would have no need to play the piano in order to be greeted everywhere as a fine appearance, and who actually seems to consider his talent merely as an *appanage*; and then our LISZT, who, in spite of all his perverseness and his sharp corners, still remains our dear Liszt, and at this moment has again thrown the *beau monde* of Paris into excitement. Yes, he is here, the great agitator, our Franz Liszt, the knight-errant of all possible orders, (with the exception of the French Legion of Honor, which Louis Phillippe will not grant to any virtuoso;) he is here, this Hohenzoller-Heckingen state counsellor, this Doctor of Philosophy and miraculous Doctor of Music, this resurrected rat-catcher of Hamelin, this modern Faust, who is always followed by a poodle in the figure of Belloni, this ennobled and yet noble Franz Liszt! He is here, the modern Amphion, who, with the vibrations of his strings, set stones in motion at the building of the Cologne Cathedral, so that they fitted themselves together like the walls of Thebes! He is here, the modern Homer, whom Germany, Hungary, and France, the three greatest countries, claim as their child, whereas the minstrel of the *Iliad* was only claimed by seven small provincial cities! He is here, the Attila, the scourge of God to all Erard pianos, which tremble at the first news of his coming, and which now again quiver and bleed and whimper under his hand, till it becomes a fair case for the society for preventing cruelty to animals! He is here, the mad, beauteous, hateful, enigmatical, fatal, and yet withal the very childlike child of his age, the gigantic dwarf, the furious Roland with the Hungarian sabre of honor, the genial harlequin, whose mad pranks turn our own head for us, and to whom, in any case, we render loyal service in here publicly reporting the great *furor* he has been exciting. We candidly confirm the fact of his immense *succès*; how we interpret this fact to our private thinking, and whether we accord or refuse our own private approval to the admired virtuoso, must be a matter of indifference to him, since our voice is only that of a single individual, and our authority in the art of music is of no especial significance.

When I heard formerly of the giddiness, which broke out in Germany and especially in Berlin, when Liszt showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders and thought: That still and sabbath-like Germany will not be slow to improve the opportunity of a bit of permitted movement; it will shake its sleep-paralyzed limbs a little, and my Abderites upon the Spree will gladly tickle themselves into a given enthusiasm, one declaiming after the other: "Love, thou ruler of both

men and gods!" Their interest at a spectacle, thought I, is in the spectacle itself, in the spectacle for itself, no matter what the occasion thereof may be called, whether George Herwegh, Franz Liszt, or Fanny Elssler; if Herwegh is forbidden, they will cleave to Liszt, who cannot harm or compromise them. So I thought, so I explained to myself the Liszt-omania, and I took it for a sign of the politically un-free state of things beyond the Rhine. But I was mistaken, and that I remarked some weeks since in the Italian Opera House, where Liszt gave his first concert, and indeed before an assemblage which one might call the flower of Parisian society. At all events they were wide-awake Parisians, men quite familiar with the highest manifestations of the present; men who, for a greater or less period, had been contemporaries of the great drama of the time; among them so many invalids to all artistic enjoyments, the weariest men of action, women equally weary, after having danced the polka all the winter through, an innumerable crowd of preoccupied and *blasé* minds—that surely was no German sentimental, no Berlin sensibility-affecting public, before which Liszt played, all alone, or rather accompanied only by his genius. And yet how powerfully, how thrillingly his mere appearance operated! How impetuously all hands clapped applause! Bouquets were thrown, too, at his feet! It was a sublime moment, when this *triumphator*, with a calm soul, let the nosegays rain upon him, and at last, smiling graciously, drew a red camelia from one of the bouquets, and stuck it in his breast. And this he did in the presence of some young soldiers who had just come from Africa, where they had seen no flowers, but only leaden bullets, rain upon themselves, and had adorned their breasts with the red camelias of their own hero-blood, without attracting much notice either here or there. Strange! thought I, these Parisians, who have seen Napoleon, who had to give them battle after battle, to fix their attention—these men now go into jublations over our Franz Liszt! And what a jubilee! A kind of madness heretofore unheard of in the annals of *furor*!

But what is the ground of this phenomenon? The solution of the question belongs more, perhaps, to pathology than to æsthetics. A physician, who makes female diseases his speciality, smiled very strangely, and then said all sorts of things about magnetism, galvanism, electricity, of the contagion there is in a close room, filled with innumerable wax-lights and with some hundreds of perfumed, perspiring men, of histrionic epilepsy, of the phenomena of tickling, &c., &c. But perhaps the solution of the question does not lie so adventurously deep, but on a very prosaic surface. It will continually seem to me, that the whole witchcraft of it is explained by the fact, that no one in the world knows so well how to organize his successes, or rather the *mise en scène* thereof, as our Franz Liszt. In this art he is a genius, a Philadelphia, a Bosko, nay, a Meyerbeer. The most distinguished persons serve him as *compères*, and his hired enthusiasts are models in good dress. The crack of champagne bottles, and the fame of lavish generosity, trumpeted through the most reliable journals, win recruits in every city. Nevertheless, it may be that our Franz Liszt was actually by nature much inclined to spend, and free from avarice, a shabby vice, which cleaves to so many virtuosos, especially to

the Italians, and which we find even in the sweet and flute-like RUBINI, of whose niggardliness a very funny anecdote in all respects is told. The celebrated singer, it seems, had, in connection with Franz Liszt, undertaken an artistic tour at joint expense, and the profits of the concerts, which they were to give in various cities, were to be divided. The great pianist, who takes everywhere about with him the general-intendant of his celebrity, the before-mentioned Signor Belloni, delegated to him on this occasion all the business matters. But when Signor Belloni gave in his account after the business was closed up, Rubini, with dismay, remarked that among the common expenses also was set down a considerable sum for laurel crowns, bouquets, eulogistic poems, and other costs of an ovation. The naïve singer had imagined that these tokens of approval had been thrown to him on account of his fine voice; he fell now into a great rage, and swore he would not pay for the bouquets, in which, perhaps, the costliest camelias were found. Were I a musician, this quarrel would afford me the best subject for a comic opera.

But ah! let us not investigate too curiously the homage paid to famous virtuosos. After all, the day of their vain celebrity is short, and the hour soon strikes when the Titan of music perhaps shrivels up to a poor town musician of very subordinate stature, who, in his coffee-house, tells his fellow guests, and assures them on his honor, how once bouquets were hurled at him, with the most beautiful camelias, and even how, on one occasion, two Hungarian countesses, to get his snuff-box, threw each other down upon the ground, and fought till they were bloody! The ephemeral reputation of the virtuoso soon exhales and dies away, lonely and trackless as the camel's scent upon the desert.

### Illiterate Music.

(From the New York Musical Review.)

(Concluded.)

Again it is asked, if the spirit of the poetry can so overpower the debasing tendency of the music, and make it really add to the good influence of the hymn, is there not a real gain in the use of the music, and if so, why break up all these hallowed associations and reminiscences? I answer, there is more lost than gained. If this should not prove true when applied to the aged and middle aged, it is certainly true with regard to the children, youth, and young persons now living, and to all posterity. And shall we withhold from our children and our children's children, the vast, ecstatic joys which they may receive during a whole life-time, in order that the aged may receive a limited pleasure during their few remaining days here below?

The sincere Christian, when first brought to a true knowledge of God in Christ, finds that his former associations and feelings have all been wrong, and the longer he has lived in impenitence, the stronger these feelings and associations have become. At his conversion he resolves that they shall be overcome and slain: but they will not be; they force themselves upon him in his most sacred moments; unbidden and unwelcome, still they come. They may be necessary here below, to keep him of an humble and contrite spirit, and thus be made to help him in his heavenly road; but suppose, if wholly purified from them, he could still be humble and penitent for the past, enjoying at all times a perfect peace of conscience and the full assurance of hope, how much more rapidly would he advance in holiness! How much joy would he gain! How much sorrow and grief would he avoid!

So it is with these holy and divine hymns, which, although consecrated to the service of Christ by their authors, have been wedded to base and vulgar tunes by the churches. Divest them of the clogs and hindrances with which they have to contend in their unholy union; free them from their association with a class of tunes fit for nothing, unless it be to help the drunkard and debauchee in their way to destruction;

and associate them with the many heart-stirring melodies, with which they are in perfect sympathy, so that both music and poetry will cordially unite their influence for good, and the devotion of the Church will rise until she shall realize in her own experience, that "the highest exercise of the powers of man is the praise of God." (Doctor Alexander.)

We admit that tunes of an illiterate and vulgar cast do excite the passions, and so also do ribald rhyme and vulgar verse; so do rum and whiskey; but this is no reason why these things should be admitted into the Church, nor for continuing them when they are in. Heretofore our argument has had reference to the influence of music alone; that is, the natural tendency of musical tones arranged in a certain tune form, but sung (or played) without words, and we think the facts sustain us in the position that there is a style of music, which is adapted to low, vulgar scenes, and which, aside from all associations, has a deleterious effect upon the mind and heart, and when allied to low and vulgar rhyme, intensifies its power for evil, and thus becomes the handmaid of vice. We believe tunes of this description are found in many books of church music, and they are not unfrequently sung by choirs and congregations in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and their influence, to say the least, is not good—but musical tones, however beautifully and scientifically (or otherwise) arranged in the form of tunes, or other compositions, cannot of themselves suggest particular ideas—in other words, music alone, without words, however perfect the composition and execution, will not suggest the same ideas in different minds: if accurately performed and with proper expression, it will excite similar emotion in various persons, but not necessarily the same ideas; for this, we must depend upon the words. Thus, if two persons listen to the same gentle, tranquil strains, both will feel the same quiet, placid emotion, though the thoughts of one are fixed upon the calm, still beauty of a summer sun-set, while the mind of the other is stretching far away to the serene and peaceful circle around the family hearth-stone in a distant home. A cheerful strain might intensify the anticipated pleasure of a coming party or ball in the one, while in the other it might revive the joy experienced in hearing new-born souls tell of their happiness and peace in their newly-discovered love of Christ.

These illustrations show that while music alone can excite similar emotions in different individuals, it is dependent upon poetry to elicit the particular subject of thought.

By the power of association, therefore, these illiterate and vulgar tunes may in a very limited degree enhance the pious aspirations of devout Christians; but it is doubtful, even with their best associations, if their effect on the impenitent is not otherwise than good when used in the worship of God.

There is still another class of tunes, which, although good in themselves and in their place, are yet decidedly out of place, and deleterious in their influence when used in the house of God, simply in consequence of their associations—I refer now to such tunes as *Lily Dale*; *Coming through the Rye*; *Nid*; *Nid, Noddin'*, and all other secular melodies which are associated with certain secular words by a large majority of the community. These associations are quite as strong in the minds of most people as are those of some Christians with the style of music heretofore discussed; and after having heard these and other ballads, airs, etc., where they belong, it is impossible to hear them in the church, and not be carried directly to the parlor and drawing-room, the party and concert. The effects of these associations, although unobjectionable in themselves, (because music of this kind is useful as an amusement,) are in reality worse, under the circumstances, than those of the other class; those in most instances will exert but a negative influence, preventing that high attainment in religious emotion which would be obtained by the devout worshipper, in the use of good tunes adapted to the sentiment of the hymns, and leaving the minds of the careless inactive, or at most engaged in the scenes around them; while these have a direct, positive, and almost universal tendency to divert the thoughts entirely from heavenly things, and turn them wholly into another and (under the circumstances) a sinful channel.

If these things are so, what is the remedy? I answer: ministers and others—but particularly ministers—must give more attention to the subject, not in order to complain and find fault with their choristers, choirs, and tunes, and yet not be able to tell what kind of a change they want; but they must be willing to learn; and if there is no better way, to learn from those who, although comparatively ignorant of many other things, have yet so studied and pondered upon this subject, that they understand not only the powers and uses of musical tones and phrases, as the scholar



understands the powers and uses of words and sentences, but also its relations and adaptation to the wants of man as a social, religious, and immortal being. They must be willing to forego the satisfaction they receive in the use of certain tunes, only because they have heard them from childhood, and associated them with the house of God and revivals; and if knowledge, science, cultivated taste, and experience have discovered a more excellent way, they must be willing to see it and turn to it, and give their influence for it. There are many good men, both ministers and laymen, who, from ignorance and heedlessness, and some I fear from stubbornness, continue to carry their grist to mill in one end of the bag, with stones in the other, who ought to know and do better.

Ministers must be willing to give a little time to the study of musical history, and the reading of such books as "Latrobe's Music of the Church," "Hastings' Dissertation on Musical Taste," "Mason's Letters," etc. They must read the biography of some learned musicians, and, whenever they have an opportunity, listen to the music of those who are acknowledged by all to be masters in the science. Surely, so long as music holds such an important position in the public worship of God, it is the minister's duty to understand it—so far, at least, as not to compel it by the selection of inappropriate hymns, nor allow it, by the whims and caprices of an impatient chorister, to become a foul blot on the sacrifices of the Sabbath, and an hindrance to the progress and success of the gospel.

Jehovah says, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," (Psalm 50: 23,) but He requires a perfect sacrifice and a free-will offering.

Is not the object well worthy the labor necessary to accomplish it? T. B. M.

### How People Listen to Music.

(From the N. Y. Musical World.)

Many with their thoughts on something else—like Napoleon, who used music to amuse his ear, while his mind was busy with ambitious dreams and schemes—just as some people smoke a cigar, while writing, to give their body something to do while their mind is employed. But music, in such a case, must not prove more attractive than a cigar, otherwise the design is thwarted, the mind being withdrawn from the occupation to the amusement. It was for this reason that Napoleon disliked Cherubini; for that great master's music had something about it which irresistibly attracted the attention, and from which there was no getting away; the Emperor therefore preferred the more negative and less strongly-marked compositions of Mehul.

While many persons are thus thinking of something that has no connection with the music, others are busy with thought actually suggested by the music. We doubt not that in many minds a parallel course of thought is carried on while listening to music—consecutive thought we mean—such thought following the light and shade and constantly-varying coloring of the tones.

Another class of listeners is composed of such as have acute musical sensibilities, who float off upon musical strains as upon balmy breezes, which waft them to some upper and happier realm. They have no clear and well-defined thought, like the former class just mentioned, but they are indulging in a merely sensuous delight; their thought, if they have any, being vague and rambling. The pleasure of such persons is a kind of refined, nervous pleasure, music sweeping over their nervous organization like electricity and producing a species of musical inebriation.

Another class embraces those who are more self-collected and who distinguish the music much more nearly. These persons are chiefly pleased, however, only with pretty melodies when they occur in a composition; that which intervenes being meaningless and listened to only because something enjoyable is momentarily expected. This embraces a very large class of persons—such as have an appreciation only of tunes; that is, of a single clearly-expressed melody, floating on a thin basis of harmony. This harmony best pleases such persons, when it is most negative—not distracting their attention from the tune. For this reason Italian music is, and always will be, most popular, because it consists so much of a simple melody, floating on thin and trivial harmony.

A fifth class embraces those persons who chiefly enjoy music from seeing the manipulation thereof. They must see the fingers of the pianist, the bowing of the violinist, the face and features of the singer. Their delight is a mechanical one. If prodigious difficulties seem to be overcome, their pleasure is by so much the more enhanced. If great difficulties actually are overcome, but the artist be of that superior class of men who conceal even the appearance of dif-

ficulties from the audience, the delight of such persons is proportionally diminished. They believe their own eyes in music—they have no cultivated ear wherewith to believe. Ole Bull is an immense genius with such persons—Henri Vieuxtemps a fifth-rate artist.

A sixth class embraces those who listen to music by looking at bonnets, and dresses, and faces, and looking at beaux and belles; who talk, and smile, and coquette and flirt, just such as one may see by scores at any Philharmonic rehearsal or concert—those sweet pets of fashion and society, who are assassinated fifty times an evening with daggers fiercely looked at them by indignant musical Orsinis right and left.

A seventh class embraces those who listen to music with critical ears only. Such are chiefly reporters and critics of the public press. They listen (much too often) to be displeased, rather than to be pleased. A false tone, a sin of musical omission, or commission, are instantly "made a note of." If commendation be expressed, it must be followed by a "but"—and the place where the "but" comes in, is to them a very important place. People sometimes eat bread for the sake of its accompanying fresh spring-butter—critics often commend for the sake of half that oleaginous word, the inevitable "but," which is to follow thereupon.

An eighth class consists of those liberal minds who take music into their breasts like a gentle dove, who willingly suffer it to nestle and coo there, who warm it into still fresher vitality by a kindly reception and who are warmed in turn by it: who never question its right to come, or to stay; who keep it as long as they can and only reluctantly allow it to depart: who live long on its recollection afterward, and think of it as sweet, departed fragrance.

A ninth class of listeners comprises those who are fond only of such music as is familiar to them. Their pleasure is chiefly one of association. They are reminded thereby of old sights and scenes; of friends departed; of their youth; of days of joy and hilarity; of old dreams and old aspirations; of old loves and old flirtations; of those vague, indefinite feelings of youth, which are a kind of roseate atmosphere enveloping early life, and which so sadly and so soon fades into a leaden hue as we advance in years—something which, at the time, was very subtle and intangible, but which, now that it is gone, is inexpressibly missed and regretted. Sweet songs, and ballads, seem ever to have had their birth and their home in this atmosphere, hence they strongly remind of it when heard again—nay, they seem even partially to cause it to float once more around the heart with that soft, dreamy haze, which is the morning mist of early life.

A tenth class comprises the few who enjoy music to the very fullest possible extent, and to the very bottom of their hearts, because they know most about it. They have not only the delicate musical organization which secures to them all the merely sensuous delight of music, but they combine with this the rare intellectual pleasure of a perfect understanding and appreciation of masterly musical workmanship. They listen not only with the ear, but with the intellect. In fact, they can listen with either, or with both combined; they can shut their eyes and float off upon delicious waves of music, until they attain to a heaven of delight—they can lay a fetter on their nerves, and intellectually (alone) enjoy the rare handiwork of the master: or they can combine these two pleasures into one; the mind being capable of a double action—that of intense enjoyment, and a clear perception, meantime, of the causes of that enjoyment. If listening to a symphony of Beethoven, the ear of such persons not only hears, but penetrates the dense tonemasses of the orchestra; it distinguishes each individual instrument at will, and hears the pleasant, melodic story told by each; where all instruments are talking as in a general musical conversation, it catches the agreeable remark made by the humblest participant in the tuneful debate. It follows, moreover, the course of the argument. When the subject (or theme) is first broached, that subject is recognized; and any allusion to it afterward is instantly understood. When a second subject is broached, that also is clearly perceived; its discussion is followed; and when both subjects are discussed at once (perhaps) and are wrought up in a wonderful manner together, the intelligent listener wonders which is the greater, the intellectual pleasure in the perception of a composer's fine intent, his musical architecture, his treatment of his materials, and his management of instruments—or the merely sensuous delight of the delicious sounds he evokes.

Nor think that because such persons know much, they must suffer much. If the music is bad, there is at least a pleasure in knowing why it is bad. The investigation of this, even, is some alleviation, and

turns the mind from dissonance to scientific matters. Moreover, there being a marked difference between music and noise, there is a vast difference in one's feelings, whether one listens as to music, or as to noise. The intelligent musician, therefore, having decided that it is mere noise, and not music, he can the more calmly endure it: while the uninformed, listening to it still as music, is suffering dreadful disappointment and discomfort.

The educated and intelligent musician, moreover, is always far more charitable and considerate than any one else, knowing the reasons of things and the difficulties of musical attainment: wherefore he gives more credit for what really is accomplished, and knows how to value a good thing well-attempted.

The upshot of the whole matter would seem to be, then, that enjoyment of music to the very utmost, implies musical knowledge. Wherefore let us study, and understand music, if we would marvellously enhance music's pleasures—adding to the delights of musical sensuousness musical sense.

### Hon. R. C. Winthrop's Remarks at the Public School Festival, (July 27, 1858.)

I hardly know, ladies and gentlemen, what I can find to say in the brief moment which I feel at liberty to occupy this afternoon, and more especially after so much has been so well said already, which will be in any degree worthy of such an occasion as the present; or which will not rather seem like a rude and harsh interruption of the melodious strains which we are here to enjoy. I cannot but feel that a mere unaccompanied solo from almost any human voice—even were it a hundred fold better tuned and better trained than my own—must sound flat and feeble when brought into such immediate contrast with the choral harmonies to which we have just been listening.

But I could not altogether resist the temptation (so kindly presented to me by my valued friend, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements), to identify myself even so humbly, with this charming festival—the first of its kind in our city—and I cannot refrain from thanking him and his associates, now that I am here, for counting me worthy to be included among those whom they have selected to supply the brief interludes to these delightful performances of the children. I am afraid I have no great faculty at firing a minute gun—not even so much as I once had in playing on that trombone to which my friend has so pleasantly alluded—but I am sure I shall have fulfilled every reasonable expectation, if I may have aided in breaking the fall for this noble choir, as they pass along so triumphantly from key to key, from choral to choral.

Seriously my friends among all the numerous reforms which have been witnessed in our community of late years, I know of none more signal or more felicitous—none with which any one might well be more justly proud to associate his name—than that of which this occasion is the brilliant and beautiful inauguration. I would not disparage or depreciate the annual school festivals of the olden time. I have not forgotten, I can never forget the delight with which, more years ago than I might care to specify in precisely this presence, I myself obtained a medal boy's ticket to the old Faneuil Hall dinner; nor how proudly I filed off with my cherished compeers behind the chairs of the Fathers of the city—after the cloth was removed—to receive their recognition and benediction, before they proceeded to their speeches and sentiments, and to the discussion of their nuts and wine. I rejoice to remember, in passing, that the Mayor of that day—though to my boyish eye he was even then a venerable person—still lives to adorn the community over which he so worthily presided—still walks erect among us to receive the daily homage of our respect and affection. You have all anticipated me in pronouncing the name of the elder Quincy. But how poor were even the most sumptuous viands of those occasions, shorn, as they were, of the best grace of every modern festive board—deprived altogether of the participation or the presence of the mothers and daughters of our city, and prepared only for the satisfaction of the mere animal appetites! What "funeral baked meats" they were at the best, when contrasted with the exquisite entertainment for eye, ear, mind, heart, soul, which we are this day enjoying. I have only to regret that the amiable and accomplished Minister from Great Britain, whom we had all hoped to welcome on this occasion, should have been prevented by engagements at Washington, from lending to the occasion, as I am sure he most gladly would have done, his genial presence and eloquent words.

And now, let us hope, my friends, that the inspiration of this hour and of this scene will not be lost on

\* See Remarks of Dr. UPHAM in our last.

the young hearts which are throbbing and swelling around us. We are too much accustomed to speak of the future as quite beyond all human control or foresight. And it is true that no consultation of oracles, no casting of horoscopes, no invocation of spirits, will unveil to us the mysteries which lie beyond this sublunary sphere. But we may not forget that the immediate future of our own community is before us—visibly, audibly, bodily before us—in the persons of these young children of the Schools. These boys I need not say, are the men of the future; and, under God, the masters of the future. The ever moving procession of human life will pass on a few steps, and they will be on the platforms, and we shall be beneath the sod. But to-day we are not merely their examples and models, but their masters and mentors; and these schools are the studios, in which, by God's help, they may be formed and fashioned, and shaped as we will. Yes, my friends, not by any idle rappings on senseless tables, but by simply knocking at our own honest School room doors, and asking how many boys and girls there are within, and what is their mental and physical and moral and spiritual condition and culture,—we may find a revelation of the future, hardly less sure or less exact than if it were written in letters of light by the pen of inspiration.

I have somewhere seen it recorded of England's great hero, the late Duke of Wellington, that, on some visit to Eton School in his old age, while gazing upon those well remembered scenes of his boyhood, and when allusion had been made by some of his companions to the great exploits of his manhood, he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it was at Eton that Waterloo was won." And not a few of you, my young friends, will one day or other be confessing that the best victories of your mature life have been virtually won or lost at school.

There was, indeed, a deep significance in the arrangement of that old choral trio, which has come down to us in the history of the ancient Lacedæmonians—for even the sternness of Sparta did not disdain the employment of music in their festive celebrations. They are said to have had three choirs, corresponding to the three periods of human life.

The old men began—

"Once in battle bold we shone;"

The middle-aged replied—

"Try us; our vigor is not gone;"

But the boys concluded—

"The palm remains for us alone."

Yes, young children of the schools, the palm remains for you alone. To you, alone, certainly, it remains still to strive for it and to win it. By too many of your elders it has been won or lost already. But for you, the whole course is clear; the whole competition free and open; and you are invited to enter upon it under such auspices, and with such advantages, as were never before enjoyed beneath the sun. May the inspirations of this occasion go forth with you to the trial, encouraging and animating you to higher and higher efforts for success, "*Excelsior, Excelsior*," the motto of each one of you. Above all, let not the praises of God be the mere lip service of an Anniversary Festival, nor the love of your fellow men and of your country—the true harmonies of the heart—die away with the fading echoes of a Jubilee chorus. And while you strive to fulfil every duty to your neighbors and yourselves, and to advance the best interests of the world in which you live—may you ever look forward with humble faith and trust, to the day, of which you are just about to sing, when other palms than those of mere human triumphs may be seen in your hands, and when, with a multitude which no man can number, you may be permitted to mingle in other and nobler songs than any which can be fully learned on earth.

### The Country and Musicians.

[From *La France Musicale*; translated for the London Musical World.]

The emigration of artists is complete. In a few days more, there will not be one left in Paris, except M. Auber, who alone braves the heat of the Boulevards and theatres in the dog-days. The Conservatory gives its bantlings a holiday; the professors hang their lyre at the head of their bed, and are off. "O, country! meadows, valleys, mountains, streams, hillsides, and shepherd's pipes, I salute you!" exclaims, with tender emotion, the musician, who during six months of cold, has, in vain, courted his rebellious fancy, or submitted to listen, at all hours of the day and night, to the gamut executed by his pupils. "O country! with thy chirruping grasshoppers, murmuring waters, warbling birds, sighing breezes, and answering echoes—with thy leaves, trees, alleys, shepherds, goats, cows, and everything that lives in the

open air, far from cities and their asphaltic pavements—once more I salute you!"

Will any one believe it! In the midst of this general exclamation, one voice is silent; among all the generals and soldiers serving in the same army, a single captain, or, I should rather say, field-marshal, remains insensible to the beauties of the country. It is M. Auber. M. Auber is a child of Paris. Do not speak to him of flowers, save such as blossom in the Passage de l'Opéra; his verdure, his trees, and his palaces, are those which MM. Séchan, Despléchin, Thierry, Cambon, etc., daub on the canvas scenes of the Opéra-Comique. "Why should I travel?" asked M. Auber, one day, "have I not in the theatre everything Nature can offer? From the ocean, with its vessels tossed about by the winds, to the cascades of Switzerland; from the palaces of Golconda and the Greek and Roman temples, to the simple huts of Brittany and Normandy; from kings and emperors, to the angler with his rod; and from the wildest mountains to the most smiling plains, I find everything at the Opéra. Besides, there is something I do not meet with in your woods, and that is the little frisking feet, the shapes that twist about like spindles—those pretty children of the air, vulgarly called *dansesuses*. Then, again, if you could show me, far away from here, unknown countries, and incomparable castles, I should always miss an orchestra and voices to lend them animation. I am so accustomed to all the whistling, singing, scraping noises of the opera, that the country without an orchestral accompaniment would, for me, resemble a churchyard. I am shown a mountain lighted up by the rays of the sun, with processions of soldiers and peasants; it is very fine! But when a gigantic *finale* bursts upon this effect of light, it is sublime! Such is my creed." In fact, M. Auber has never been beyond the Bois de Boulogne all his life, or, if he has, by chance, wandered as far as Fontainebleau or Compiègne, he has thought, on again beholding the Boulevards, that he had returned from a journey of a thousand leagues. Such illusions should be respected. Who knows? It is, perhaps, to this antipathy for travelling, and this doating fondness of the capital, that M. Auber is indebted for the fact of having preserved the freshness of his melodic ideas, and the springtime of his mind.

As for M. Meyerbeer, he cares neither for town nor country; he lives for music alone—his own, of course. He has taken a liking to Spa, and if his sovereign conferred on him the right of hanging or decorating the editors of *La France Musicale*, it is from Spa that he would date his decrees. It is to Spa that the managers of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique proceed regularly, at the very least, once a year, on a pilgrimage, to entreat the learned composer for a score.

Like M. Auber, Signor Rossini has a decided predilection for the Boulevards. He does not, however, object to be under the tall-spreading trees; as inspiration comes from God, and God is everywhere, he could, if he pleased, write a *chef-d'œuvre* with equal facility in a garret, in a gilded saloon, or on a grassy bank. He has a charming little retreat at Passy, where he receives his friends. He is fond of long walks, accompanied by light, joyous conversation. What astonishes me, is the sympathy of the author of *Guillaume Tell* for street organs; what astonishes me still more, is his particularly liking those with damaged barrels, playing, in all sorts of keys, the overture to *La Gazza*, the airs from *Il Barbiere*, or any other of the inspirations of his immortal genius.

Signor Verdi would give all the palaces of the world for a cottage and ten feet of green sward. When he is compelled to inhabit Paris, Milan, Naples, or Venice, to superintend the performance of a new opera, there is no getting at him. But speak to him of Busseto, his dearly beloved village, and he will smile agreeably. It is the place which sheltered his infancy, and consists of ten houses in the open plain, traversed by the high road; a little church, ornamented by an organ to which he confided his first melodies; cultivated fields, without shade, and, in the distance, the Po with its roaring stream; such is the rural residence of the author of *Il Trovatore*. Once at Busseto, Signor Verdi is the most amiable man in the world; once there, he forgets music. From morning to evening, he follows the little paths leading to the cottages of his peasants. He speaks to one about his corn, and to another about his vines. He is everywhere saluted with profound respect. When the first shades of night descend on the earth, choristers, echoing each other, are heard in the immense plain; they might be taken for *orphonists* organized in companies; they are the peasants, the vinedressers, and harvesters, repeating the airs of *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *I Lombardi*, *Macbeth*, *I due Foscari*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Luisa Miller*, and *I Masnadieri*. They are celebrating, in their fashion, their

lord and master. Their voices answer each other at distances, and produce a delicious concert. Signor Verdi is only really happy on this vast estate, which he has acquired by the fruits of his genius. He loves the open air, space, and liberty. He would certainly die of *canni* if he were deprived of his birds, his trees, and his fields.

M. Halévy works incessantly; he would love the beauties of Nature, but he has not time. He can scarcely go and inhale, for a few hours, the fresh odor of the roses, at his villa at Marly. Amiable in disposition, and always ready for work, he has scarcely finished one production before he wants to commence another, not perceiving that he is using up too quickly his strength, both physical and moral, by such intellectual labor. Mr. Halévy works with the same pleasure in town as in the country. He does not like solitude and, if he smiles on the green trees, it is because he has around him numerous friends, who carry his mind back to Paris, by talking to him of present successes, past failures, and the other common topics of the day. Possessed of an excellent disposition, particularly impressionable, he surrounds himself with flowers. His saloons are a perfect garden, where the violet and jasmine blossom all the year, so that, even at the Institute, he can still fancy himself at the beautiful villa at Marly.

LEON ESCUDIER.

### Mozart Judged by M. Lamartine.\*

I.

A remarkable fact connected with young Wolfgang Mozart (the most prodigious musical organization that ever existed) is that the individual and the man constitute, so to speak, in his case, only one being; music lies with him in the cradle; when he is three years old he stammers out, on his father or mother's lap, music instead of words; music plays with him on every sonorous instrument as with the playthings of his infancy; music writes with his hand sonatas for the harpsichord, fugues for cathedral organs, or operas for the theatres of Italy, from his earliest youth; she travels with him from Milan to Naples, from Naples to Venice, from Venice to Vienna, and from Vienna to Paris, culling harmony from all these various languages, climates, waves and winds, as the breeze, sweeping over the earth, steals its sweet odor, to perfume itself. Music sobs with him at the death-bed of his mother, and takes part in her funeral obsequies; she participates in his love; she writes with his dying hand his angelic *Requiem*, thus noting down his first and last sigh; and she passes away with his soul, to join the celestial concert of which his whole life here below was simply the prelude.

The character of Mozart's existence is that he was not a musician, but music incarnate in a mortal organization.

II.

Everything in him was serious, because everything was sublime; his piety, the inheritance left him by his father and mother, caused him incessantly to lift his thoughts to the Christian's heaven, where he still beheld them with the eyes of his faith. A few passages from his letters to his sister, who was happy at Salzburg, having married for love, reveal the pious serenity of his mind, which was translated into sacred music; he thought in sounds which filled vaulted cathedrals with soul. One of Mozart's musical phrases converted as many hearts as a sermon. God is above, and Mozart's genius was constantly ascending. Like the French poet, Gilbert, who, when dying, celebrated in poetry his own death, Mozart sang for himself eternal peace, on his death bed, with his *Requiem*. He died, aged thirty-five, in 1791. The world had no idea of the extent of its loss; it required thirty years for his name to attain that ripe glory it possesses at the present day. But Rossini was about to be born at the very moment Mozart was dying, as if Providence intended that the voice and its echo should be separated only for a moment in the ear of a century. When we say "its echo," we do not pretend to degrade Rossini's original genius to the level of a mere repercussion of that of Mozart; Rossini is Mozart when happy; and Mozart, Rossini when grave. They are different but equal; Mozart is the pensive melody of the Tyrol and Germany; Rossini is the gaily and enthusiastic joy of Naples; we carry our country in our own breasts. Rossini was more at home in the musical drama, and Mozart in lyrical melody, apart from the orchestra and the actor. His music was sufficient of itself; he sings simply to sing, while Rossini does so to move and please us.

III.

If we are now asked which of the two kinds of

\* Cours Familier de Littérature, mois de Juin; (translated for the London Musical World.)



music we prefer, that which sings alone without words, or that which is accompanied by the words of the dialogue on the stage, we do not hesitate in preferring non-dramatic musical to theatrical music. It is only for the vulgar that any art becomes popular by an unequal match. What would you think of a school for sculpture which should borrow the colors of painting to render the divine forms of Phidias more like the colored wax-figures before which the ignorant multitude of our public squares goes into ecstasies? What would you think of a school of painting which should use *relief* in the drawings of Raffaele or Titian, to impart more illusion or depth to them? You would think the two arts were overstepping the limits assigned them by nature, to produce more effects, perhaps; but what effects? gross, sensual effects, and popular enthusiasm, instead of the ecstasy of a chosen and discriminating few. In the matter of art, we find sensation in the multitude, but judgment in the select few.

Now this is exactly what that speaker without words of the language of the senses, the musician, does, when he enters into partnership with the dramatic poet, to make his music speak, tremble, cry, and bellow, in what is called an opera, on a theme given by the poet. He increases the material effect of his art, but he does so by changing its nature, and abdicating its independence; by mixing up one art with another, and even several others, augmenting its effects produced on the senses, but diminishing its real magic over the heart.

We can very well understand that the musician, the poet, the singer, the dancer, the dramatic declaimer, the painter, and the statuary, conceived the idea of combining with each other in one single group of several arts, mixed together on the stage, in order to produce on the multitude, one sovereign charm: by the aid of all these charms united. We, ourselves, do not escape the all-powerful sensual impression of such a combination; where the poet composes and versifies; where the painter decorates; where the architect builds; where the *dansuse* intoxicates us by beauty, movement, and attitudes; where the declaimer writes; where the tragic or comic personage laughs or cries, raves, kills or dies with song; and where, lastly, the orchestra, like the choros of ancient tragedy, accompanies and multiplies a hundred fold all the impressions of the drama by those sighs, or these thunders of skilful instrumentation which caress or snap each fibre of the bundle of nerves within us. But whatever may be the irresistible force of this impression produced on our nature by such a coalition of arts, while submitting to it we judge it, and when judging it from the really intellectual point of view, that is to say, from the elevated and true artistic one, we cannot help regretting for each of the arts separately, the coalition or rather promiscuousness, which alters the very essence of them. We cannot help believing that painting is more beautiful in an isolated picture by Raffaele, in the solitude of some gallery of the Vatican, than on a scene at the Opéra; that poetry is more divine in a page of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or Petrarch, than in the vocalization of a male or female singer; that a tragic actor is more mighty when reciting simply his part upon his platform, between a couple of lamps, without any charm but his feeling, his accents, and his gestures, than when singing it in the midst of the phantasmagoria of scenery, costume, ballet, and orchestra; and that, lastly, the musician is more eloquent and more pathetic in the sublime nudity of his notes, than in the heterogeneous alliance of them with poetry, drama, declamation, scenery, dancing, and himself. There is such a thing as adultery between one art and another; the true nature of the arts forbids certain unions, without that nature lowering itself, while thinking it is heightened. The ancients were aware of the fact; the Greeks, who invented everything, did not invent these unnatural combinations. With them, each art was all the more complete for being isolated, and more itself.

We do not accuse the later composers, such as Mozart, Rossini, and their emulators, of lending themselves to these forced alliances; we pity them: declamation is not made to be sung, or music to be declaimed. Each has its proper sphere.

We understand that the crowd can be mistaken, and that music does not touch their dull ears, unless an immense orchestra makes an immense noise for them, unless words interpret the notes, and a tragedy translates both words and notes by its gestures, its accent, and its physiognomy. But the case is different with men endowed with musical feeling, such as these great composers, or those who are worthy of understanding them; what need have they of this? Is not music a complete language, as expressive, as productive of ideas, of passions and of sentiments, of the Finite and the Infinite, as the language of words? Is not this language of sounds, by the very vagueness

and illimitability of its accents, more unlimited in its expressions than languages in which the sense is circumscribed by the positive value of words, or by syntax, which obliges each word to assume its fixed place in the phrase? Does not the man who best speaks and writes his own language find, every instant, that there are nice shades, distinctions not to be expressed, sensations, thoughts and sentiments, which die away on his lips or under his pen, for the want of words sufficiently indefinite to render them? Are we not sometimes smothered in love, enthusiasm, and prayer, from the impossibility of producing in words the impression which oppresses us? Is not a sigh, a groan, an inarticulate cry, in such a case, the only ejaculation of our ideas and sentiments? Is music aught else but such a sigh, or groan; a melodious cry which commences on our lips exactly at the point when the incapability of expression by words, also, commences? Is not a symphony by Beethoven a thousand times more dramatic, for the dreamy imagination of the predestined and impassioned lover of music, than all the dramas ever written by a poet to serve as a text or a framework for a musical drama on the stage? Has any one ever experienced in any theatre a musical impression comparable to a religious song, executed by the voice or on the organ, alone, and exhaling all around altars or tombs, under the arched roof of some cathedral, the melodious *Hosannah*, the sobbing *Stabat*, or the supplicant or resigned *Requiem* of Mozart? Has not a popular air, suddenly springing up and striking the traveller's ear from a wave in the Bay of Naples, a gorge of the Tyrol, one of the Isles of Greece, a Scotch lake, or the flute or voice of a shepherd, a fisherman, a young girl before her hut, caused a thousand times more sympathetic cords to vibrate within his soul than all the operatic orchestras that ever existed? And why is this? Because words, although explaining the music for the vulgar, limit it for the imagination and the heart of a man of well-organized mind; words are the Finite, and music is the Infinite. This is its domain. Words are a leaden weight, which the musician is obliged, on account of the crowd, to attach to his notes, to bind them to the earth, and prevent them from soaring too high—too far into space. For our own part, we prefer detaching the lead from the wings of the musician, and allowing ourselves to be carried away with him to the third heaven.

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 27.—My last letter to your interesting Journal contained a few desultory remarks upon the sacred music of the Moravians, a theme which might be constituted the basis of a series of most edifying analytical articles in the hands of some literary gentleman of leisure, with more time and talent at disposal than those accorded to your correspondent "Manrico." Thus, too, must my remarks upon the secular music of that sect prove cursory and brief.

The Moravians cultivate secular music practically and perseveringly; but although many of their prominent musicians, deeply skilled in the theoretical, ideal, and æsthetic phases of the divine art, have produced, (as I remarked in my last,) works, which, under certain circumstances, would command unequalled admiration in any part of the world, I am not aware that any of these men have ever essayed or produced secular effusions of special note. The gladsome piety which pervades the ranks of this little band of Christians has prompted these religious worshippers of the Muses to direct their talents exclusively to the praise and glory of that higher power which has blessed them with gifts so precious.

The cultivation of secular music in Bethlehem is fostered by a Philharmonic Society of many years' standing, a brass band, a sextet of saxhorns, and by the judicious efforts of excellent teachers in private families, as well as in its very justly celebrated female seminary.

The Philharmonic Society has, at almost every period of its existence, been regarded as the best organization of the kind, outside of the three great cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It finds its support in a regular number of subscribers, who, for an annual contribution, receive the enjoyment of four concerts during the winter season. Formerly a grand daylight concert on Whitsuntide

was added to the subscribers' *quid pro quo*. Indeed, this Whitsuntide entertainment was the concert, *par excellence*, of the season, as each successive year rolled onward; for the exercises almost invariably comprised a great oratorio or cantata, well rehearsed, and exceedingly well given. The "Creation," the "Messiah," the "Seven Sleepers," "Alexander's Feast," and other distinguished works, have all been frequently and satisfactorily performed at their Whitsuntide *fêtes*. I shall not forget the impression made upon my youthful mind by the annual repetition of scenes and exercises so enlightening, so edifying, so refining, and so well calculated to generalize the various social attributes of our human nature. Methinks the leader of that orchestra is even now painted upon the retina of my mind's eye, as he stood on the left side of the platform, vigorously *violining* his way through, perchance a symphony of Beethoven, or an overture of Boieldieu; or, halting for an instant, to frown at an uncertain viola or a hurried flute. That identical *chef d'orchestre* was most admirably adapted to his position. Endowed with brilliant talents apart from his musical accomplishments, which were of a very high order, he was universally respected and uniformly appealed to as one whose attainments amply qualified him to guide a band of well-studied and intelligent musicians. The rehearsals of this society were faithfully held twice per week, for many years. These "practicings" also rest vividly in my memory; how, before the appointed hour, as each member dropped in, the older portion were wont to gather around a patriarchal old stove, and pass the news of the village from mouth to mouth, while the young sprouts ogled the girls in the main body of the old Concert Hall;—but I must onward.

Some few years since, the Philharmonic Society of Bethlehem, from various causes, disbanded *in toto*. It has, however, been vigorously revived; and the names of many of its former active and honorary members stand side by side with young men who now make their first attempts in the renewed orchestra. Its present leader, Mr. Charles F. Beckel, is an admirable musician, theoretically and practically, and enjoys to a well-merited degree the confidence of his *confidés*.

The Bethlehem Brass Band, as at present constituted, has attracted much deserved commendation wherever it has been heard. Its repertoire consists of a most admirable assortment of arrangements for various occasions, all of which are executed with a precision and general excellence in detail, which leaves very little to be wished for, and which ensures for it more engagements than the individual members find time or inclination to accept. The very men who now compose this excellent *corps*, were, some years since, known as the *Juvenile Band of Bethlehem*, a clarinet band of the old style, sustained by young boys whose leader had numbered scarcely his fifteenth summer.

Another noticeable feature of the secular music of the Bethlehem Moravians, is its Sextet of Saxhorns. It is an offshoot from the Brass Band above mentioned; and the young gentlemen who comprise it really deserve much credit at the hands of a public which has time and again been delighted with its performances. I can scarcely imagine a more delightful serenade than this admirable sextet of musicians are able to furnish. Their repertoire contains an extensive selection of arrangements from German melodies, oratorios, operas, &c., with occasionally an airy Italian cavatina to follow the substantial feast in the capacity of a light dessert.

Finally, Music is taught in all the private families of the individual Moravian congregations, with an assiduity and watchful perseverance which greatly tends to develop the results which we have thus cursorily endeavored to portray. Children are not forced beyond their capacities, into flimsy polkas and flimsier waltzes, but are gently and progressively piloted

through the requisite preparatory exercises, even as the careful parent leads a tottering infant watchfully across a rough and uneven patch of ground.

Much enthusiastic stress is likewise laid upon the cultivation of good music in all of the Moravian boarding schools. Those at Nazareth, Bethlehem, Litiz, and Salem, N. C., possess, in their internal economy, the best arrangements for implanting into the minds of their pupils a thorough and systematic foundation in this heavenly art; and their public entertainments and vacation exhibitions are almost invariably graced with compositions of a very high order of merit. The "Messiah" has been several times most admirably given at the Bethlehem Seminary, under the superintendence of its efficient and accomplished Principal, Rev. Sylvester Wolle.

MANRICO.

CINCINNATI, JULY 24.—Our Philharmonic Society lately closed the season by their sixth concert, which had to be postponed to so late a day, the programme embracing Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony." The concert was pleasant and pretty well attended.

In looking back upon the musical performances of the past season, we have reason to be well enough satisfied, considering many unfavorable circumstances. I cannot say that much progress has been made, but neither could this be expected, as our musical Societies had to struggle under very adverse circumstances. During the first season they were benefitted by the sunshine of novelty; this having left them, the past second season was a hard trial. It showed that there is not quite as much interest for good music among the public of this city as had been sanguinely assumed after the first year's experience; in addition, the bad times took away a large number of subscribers, and even the elements seemed to conspire against them. "A Philharmonic evening" came to be looked upon as synonymous with duck's weather. There was also, unfortunately, some grating between our two principal Societies, or, I should say, between a few members of them, and this was also somewhat detrimental to a quiet pursuit of their objects. But, in spite of all this, they have persevered, given all their concerts and rehearsals, and have been well united among themselves to the last. For this they deserve much credit, and, no doubt, the experience they have made is very valuable for the future.

From present appearances the prospects for our next musical season are very fair; it is likely that there will be more life and earnestness, and that the advancement of instrumental and choral music among us will be pursued with renewed vigor. Large works of the great masters, we may hope, will be brought out for the first time in this hemisphere; and the public, when they see some inherent strength and steadiness of purpose, will, no doubt, show an increased interest.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY 31.—Our Musical Society, under the direction of Mr. FITZHUGH, has thus far been a decided success; and the advantage gained in the heavy choruses, by its union with the Northampton artists, has, I am told, suggested the further extension of its field of operations, with a view of concentrating the strength of our proud and thrifty trio of valley towns, in some of the grand choruses of the Oratorios, the coming fall and winter, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I was shown, a few days since, a copy of a beautiful *Salve Regina*, by Hauptmann, a composition eminently worthy of its author, who is, probably, second to none of the masters of music now living; and to whom the sacred mantle of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, may be most appropriately transmitted. At the same time my attention was called to another piece of music, entitled, "*Turn thy face from my sins*;" a full anthem for four voices, published in London as the composition of a certain stoical person whose residence is not exactly fixed, and who answers to the name or title of "Doctor." This "Anthem for four voices" proves to be the same thing, almost

note for note, as the first-mentioned piece by Hauptmann, copied almost entire, with English words, and a slight change of key! This is a specimen of wholesale plagiarism before which all others must pale, and wilt, and fade away.

In every department of science, and amongst all the professions, there may be found a set of dullards who are not content to stand or fall on their own merits, or to bide their time, till, by industry and perseverance they can honestly reach the desired point of attainment; but having more money than brains, they supply themselves with the best literary or musical works, and select and publish as their own, not only the ideas, but sometimes the phrases, and even whole pages of the valuable compositions of others. This is particularly true of the musical profession—the temptation to pilfer being greater as the chances of detection are less.

Our knight of the rueful countenance, whose music is not his own, (to use a Paddyism,) must take his place in the class above described. He made the tour of Europe. He heard and saw abundance of rich music. His head was turned. He took—he fell! The injury was not great, for he had fallen before!

The copying "Doctor" is said to wear with due meekness the questionable honor of playing some big-gun-and-trumpet-variations of his own invention, to some of Handel's organ themes, at which the uninitiated, all green and pliant,

"Would bend in mute surprise  
And think—my eyes!"

Now, my dear sir, I have considered this subject, not "during an hour of rural idleness, under the shade of green trees, and with the melodies of the many-voiced sea to lull us into the mood to tranquil contemplation," but I have considered it in connection with a certain code of laws, one article of which says, "Thou shalt not steal," and I have the honor to recommend to the learned "Doctor" a prayerful consideration of his own selection from the words of the Psalmist, "Turn thy face from my sins."

Yours truly,

BACH.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 7, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Chorus, with Soprano Solo, from GLUCK's opera *Armida*: "Great is the glory when laurels we gather," &c.

### Music in the Public Schools.—The Festival.

II.

The Festival of last week, experimental as it was, has made its mark. All present were delighted and convinced that there is great good in a Festival so arranged, and great good in such training of the children of our schools in simple choral music as makes such a Festival possible. In first alluding to the plan two months ago, we expressed a confidence that, should this experiment succeed, it would be found worth repeating, year after year, upon a larger scale, and pass into an institution. We think the general feeling now regards it as an institution; this single trial has been worth a thousand arguments; the annual Musical Festival of the Public Schools now takes its place with Boston Common, Franklin medals, and the other fixed facts in the calendar of Boston boy life.

No one could listen to that beautiful and touching music of twelve hundred fresh, sweet children's voices, blended in sublimely simple choral melodies, and not feel that music can repay far more attention than has yet been given to it in our general scheme of education. No one could doubt, that, even if its only fruit were annually such a festival, the hour or two it claims each week from other studies, would be well-accounted for. Add to the inspiration of the

music that of its accompaniments, the feast for eye and heart and soul, as well as ear,—add to the æsthetic the rare moral gain of so much harmony of sense and soul and reason blended—add the experience of one such hour of higher, sweeter, heavenlier life, and who will hesitate to own that such a Festival is in itself, and simply as a festival, worthy to be made an end and as such to receive its share of special training in the school routine? Whatever that occasion as a whole was worth, remember Music was the soul of it. Around what other principle, as centre, could such a feast be organized? The bringing of twelve hundred voices within range involved all that kaleidoscopic beauty of arrangement; music built up that wondrous flower-like pyramid of youths and maidens, that living type of social harmony and heaven on earth; music necessitated the selection of so beautiful a place; and music drew to it those floral wreaths and ornaments, by an artistic instinct, for completeness' sake. It was the right sort of a School Festival. For such an hour, when thousands must take part, when all things must be short and nothing wearisome, all things intelligible to all, enjoyable by all, eliciting response from all,—all virtually giving and receiving—where feasting would be scramble and "refreshments" heaviness, and speeches but a weariness, unheeded in the general confusion,—in such an hour Music is the one most fit, refreshing, all-uniting, intellectual, practical and practicable entertainment; the one least liable to fatigue, distraction and disorder; the one most suited to the spirit of the occasion and most expressive of the common feeling; the very language of what every heart would have expressed in such an hour, when all have had enough of mental stimulus and tension, of intellectual statements and distinctions, and seek refreshment in a high religious utterance of joy and unitary feeling. Fewer speeches henceforth, is the chief hint of improvement furnished by the first experiment. The children may not enter into the conscious philosophy of all this, but they are nevertheless made happier by it. And theirs too is the joy and wholesome discipline not only of the great day itself, but equally of all the preparation and rehearsing for it, the marshalling into order, the daily accumulating excitement, the surprised, delighted sense of order as the work grows to completion, the sense of sharing the responsibility of the great whole, the charm of watching to its hour of bursting open in full splendor this fine century plant in which they all shall shine.

The marked success of this experiment makes it self-evident that much more may be made of such a Festival hereafter. Here we had but the simplest elements. The very best thing that could be done, and done well and with edifying effect, was here attempted:—nothing but the singing, all in unison, of a few of the plainest old familiar chorals, which doubtless, most of the children only knew by ear and sang by rote, with no more training than sufficed them to keep in time and tune, to prolong, subdue and swell a note at given signal, and to produce something like a musical quality of tone, so that, in spite of individual imperfections, the entire mass of sound was sweet and musical, was tone and not mere noise. A simpler thing could not have been attempted, unless it were that sillier thing, of which we have had quite enough of late years, and which has brought school music into much discredit, of making multitudes of children sing in listless or in noisy fashion a few hum-drum, jig-like ditties and street songs, that only sound well sung by a single or a few voices, that fall short of the dignity of such an occasion, and sound ridiculously senseless and confused when joined in by a thousand voices. But now, for once, without carrying the children a step beyond the very little culture they already had, a really musical effect has been produced, and one which was found in a very great degree inspiring and sublime. This right combining of the simplest materials into so genuine an effect of music,



sets the key for future lessons in the schools. Here was an evidence of sound and sensible beginning, though at the very bottom of the scale. Here was the foundation shown for everything that may be profitably added in the way of musical instruction in the schools.

The old church Choral, *Canto fermo*, or Plain Chant, was the beginning and foundation of the whole development of the musical art in modern history. The rest has been built up on that. So in the musical culture of each rising generation now, the singing of the plain Choral is the true ground to start from. These Chorals are the world's oldest, simplest, most primitive, popular, religious common stock of melody,—the broadest, firmest rock on which to build. The training of a large mass to sing them well involves the mastery of two important elements in all true singing, which in themselves almost contain the soul and essence of the art. These are: first, the producing and sustaining of a firm, pure, musical tone; secondly, the art of graduating the force of tones, of softening or intensifying tone, of what is figuratively termed *light and shade*.

When our thousands of children can do these two things, they are on the right road to some musical acquirement. This has already formed in them something like a right musical sense, an ideal in the mind and nerves and ear of music, as distinguished from mere rhythmic noise. All other culture may be built on this. We shall not inquire how much of the theory, of the technical routine and rules of music may well be made a general requirement in our schools. It is plain that we can go but a moderate way in this. All children can be taught to read and sing plain melodies, and even parts in easy harmony, from notes. This, with the choral practice in large bodies, loosens the upper surface of the soil, so that whatever seeds of higher faculty for music may lie latent in this individual or that, will have a chance to germinate and seek the sun. Special aptitudes deserve special training. But all should learn to bear a part in the plain choral unison. So much of music is, unless we neglect it, a common gift, designed for solid good, to the whole human family.

And this leads to a most important practical consideration, urged with convincing force in the remarks of Dr. Upham. Congregational singing—though we do not believe in narrowing our church music down to that alone—is yet a most important part, the most essential part, in fact, of music as an element in public worship. What a poor, feeble, inexpressive, vulgar thing it is, for the most part, when it is attempted now! How few of any congregation can sing even "Old Hundred" decently well! But in this choral practice of the children, generations grow up in the love and practice of the Choral; the entire people are endowed from childhood with a never-failing repertoire of grand old tunes, and with the art, recalled as easily as instinct, of joining in them with great multitudes of voices, so that, whether in the solemn service of the temple, or in great national or other festival occasions, where there is a deep and universal sentiment, that sentiment shall never lack the means of uttering itself sublimely.

We have yet to speak of certain practical hints furnished by this festival, as to the best method of teaching singing in the common schools.

#### To the Subscribers of the Chicago Musical Review.

The Messrs. Higgins Brothers have recently disposed of the *Chicago Musical Review* to Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and its subscribers will hereafter be supplied with DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC in its stead. As by this arrangement all such subscribers are to receive a quarto in place of an octavo musical paper, it is presumed that they cannot be otherwise than satisfied. While I regret to part com-

pany with my readers, I gain, by this release from editorial labors, more time to devote to musical conventions and the other professional duties that have of late increased so rapidly upon my hands. In the meantime let me assure my friends that the Northwest is still my field of labor; that Chicago continues to be my head-quarters, and that, though I relinquish to one abler than myself the pleasing duty of furnishing them with stated supplies of musical pabulum, I shall always, as formerly, be happy to hear of their prosperity, and subscribe myself, as of old.

"Yours truly,"

C. M. CADY.

Chicago, August 1, 1858.

#### Musical Chat-Chat.

The "Promenade Concerts" are still kept up, tri-weekly, at the Music Hall, and, if increasing crowds be any evidence, now bid fair to become an institution. We are certainly glad to see a disposition to enjoy and to support cheap concerts; but we seriously doubt if the continued hearing of mere brass bands, only relieved by vulgar clap-trap like the "Old Folks" singing, introduced of late, does really tend to cultivate and refine the public taste for music. Indeed, we fear that it does just the contrary; that it creates a love for what is coarse and meaningless in music, just as the "yellow-covered" novels spoil the taste for pure and wholesome reading. If the people are so fond of going to the Music Hall, why cannot better bands, of reeds and finer instruments, tempering the bray of brass, and suited to more delicate, refined effects of music, be supported quite as well? How much better were a band like that which played at the School Festival, last week! Or such reed music as the Brigade Band furnished, with such marked success, at one of their Spring concerts in the same hall! Where is the difficulty? If it costs a few more instruments, will not the attraction be thereby increased enough to make it pay? We ought not to regard the idea of cheap people's concerts as at all truly realized, until we get so far as to have not only a reed band, but a *bona fide* orchestra within reach, every pleasant summer evening. What we fear is, that such constant din of brass will blunt the popular sense, destroying all demand for better things.

The present number of our paper goes, according to arrangement, to the subscribers of the late *Chicago Musical Review*. The editor of that paper, whose Card will be found above, has kindly promised to furnish us, from time to time, with a melange of musical matters in the West. . . . The great musical festival in Jones's Wood, New York, is postponed on account of the bad weather, to the 9th, 10th, and 11th inst. . . . Is not the passion for brass bands, so universal in these days, another symptom of the general sensation fever; all of a piece with the taste for scarlet uniforms, for murder stories, frightful accidents, French novels, Verdi-ism, and all forms of filibusterish unreason? . . . A season of French Comic Opera, at Niblo's, is talked of. . . . PARODI has returned to New York, having had great successes in the West Indies. . . . MARETZEK has leased the Tacon Theatre, Havana, for the coming season, at \$13,000 per month. He will first commence a two months' season of Italian Opera, at the New York Academy, the 30th inst., with Mme. GASSIER as prima donna. ULLMAN is said to have secured the PICCOLOMINI for his new season in October, and also to have engaged FORMES, who will sing in some operas new in this country. It is high time. GAZZANIGA and BRIGNOLI have been presented by the Directors of the Philadelphia Academy with gold medals, in commemoration of the part they bore in the inauguration of that institution. They will remain in the United States next season, and will, no doubt, join either Maretzek or Ullman. . . . Miss ABBY FAX, with Signors AMODIO and BRIGNOLI, and also accompanied by her teacher, Sig. BENEDELLI, has been creating a sensation by her concerts at Saratoga and other fashionable watering places. . . . Mme. ANNA BISHOP, now in South America, will soon return to us. She is said to be accompanied by "Sig. Belletti, who sang with Jenny Lind." This must be a mistake, as Belletti, the singer, is in London. There was also a clarinet player, Belletti, who accompanied Jenny Lind. . . . GOTTSCHALK was recently at Porto Rico. . . . RUBINSTEIN has left London and returned to Moscow.

#### Music Abroad.

##### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — During the week ending July 17, Balfe's *Zingara*, ("Bohemian Girl"), with Allonzi, Piccolomini, Giuglini and Belletti; *Lucrezia Borgia*; *Lucia*; *La Serra Padrona*, and a scene from *L'Italiana*, for Signors Belart, Belletti and Viaretti. The subscription season closed with *Trovatore* for a wonder! The new season, of reduced prices,

was to open with the *Huguenots*, followed by *Don Giovanni*, *La Traviata*, &c.

MISS KEMBLE'S CONCERT was one of the choice entertainments of the season. Its giver, though still hampered by nervousness in no common degree, and with a voice that will require incessant watching for years to come, has more intelligence, accomplishments, and promise than any contemporary of her standing—her share in the entertainment being a duet with Signor Mario (who was in radiant voice), a couple of German *Lieder*, and two Shakespeare songs—the first an exceedingly elegant setting of 'Orpheus and his Lute,' by Miss Gabriel. Then she was assisted by MM. Halle and Joachim (whose Tartini solo, 'Le Songe de Diable,' was incomparably given), by Signor Piatti, by Madame Viardot in her very best voice and spirits, and by Mr. Santly, who sang the well-known *buffo* duet, 'Senza tanti complimenti,' with the lady in good style. This young artist's place may be already defined by the fact that, in his first season, besides going the round of English oratorios with great success, he has been associated with all the best Italian singers, and kept his ground among them steadily, modestly, improvingly. A pleasing *Canzonet* sung by him—a composition of M. Berger to some of Barry Cornwall's words—was the other novelty of this agreeable concert.

The Vocal Association's last concert on Wednesday was given with an orchestra, the great work performed being Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang.' The second act had one remarkable feature—M. Halle's execution of a pianoforte *Concerto* in *flat*, by Mozart,—very seldom played, though, to our thinking, a more attractive work than the *Concertos* in *D* and *C* minor,—and one interesting novelty, Herr Joachim's Overture to 'Henry the Fourth.' The last prelude bearing such a title that we recollect is the old trumpet-and-drum piece of business by Signor Martini. "Was that overture written in the same language as this?"—was a question that would whimsically break across the mind as we listened (laboriously we must admit) to the new composition. Herr Joachim is not wholly "music of the future," for we desire to hear the overture again—provided it be more carefully performed. It seems to us to contain distinct ideas, ingenious combinations, forms too intricately disguised where a clear development would have been more welcome, good instrumental effects, and a happy close. Without wholly establishing its writer as a composer, it is an advance on most of his essays at composition with which we have as yet made acquaintance. The playing of Herr Joachim is, in every sense of the word, too masterly, too real, too purely and reverentially musical (without the slightest intimation of charlatany) for it to be possible for him to remain within the circle of fogland if he continue to exercise himself as a writer.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Much complaint has been called forth by the concert given recently in St. James's Hall in aid of the funds of this institution. We borrow a description of the concert from the *Sunday Times* of June 27.

The Hall was filled by a most numerous and aristocratic audience. Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the King of the Belgians, and a distinguished suite, occupied a prominent position in the hall, but it is to be regretted that the prominent position was such as to allow the audience only to see the backs of the illustrious personages. The programme, though hardly of that character that was to be expected from our English Conservatoire, included some good names as executants; but a better illustration of what we were doing, in the way of musical progress, amongst ourselves it would have been hardly too much to have anticipated. Amongst the principal female artists thus grouped together were—Madlle. Titiens, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Weiss, Miss Messent, Miss Palmer, and Madame Viardot Garcia; whilst the male vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Harrison, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Allan Irving, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Allen, Mr. Bodda, and Signor Belletti. Here was a force quite strong enough, if properly employed, to have really done credit to our national position in every respect, but, with infinite pain and humiliation do we record that which must have been patent to every present, that the programme neither showed our native singers nor our native composers to anything like advantage. The first part was almost wholly occupied with a selection from a mass by the Earl of Westmoreland, which, however creditable to the musical taste of the noble amateur, who has shown much skill in previous compositions, was utterly unfitted to an occasion of this kind. With the powerful assistance of such names, as we have above enumerated, the mass had certainly the fullest vocal justice done to it, but the absence of applause, as much out of deference to her Majesty as tributary to the sacred character of the music, would not, we apprehend, have been superseded by very enthusiastic expressions of rapture had the circumstances been otherwise. The effect was heavy, and left behind it no exalting impression. A concertante by Mauser, for four violins, by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac H. Hill, and Watson, followed, and ably displayed the talents of these expert violinists, and then Haydn's "Spirit Song," beautifully executed by Miss Dolby, enlivened the rather deadened sympathies of the audience. The first part concluded with the finale from Mr. Lucas's opera of "The Regicide," which is founded

on the same subject as Arne selected for his "Artaxerxes," and which was rendered with the fullest effect by Miss Pyne, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Weiss. The second portion of the programme was opened by the introduction to Rossini's "William Tell," the solo parts being undertaken by Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Herr Reichardt, Signor Giuglini, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Bodis, with the important harp accompaniment being cleverly contributed by Mr. Harold Thomas. This was most admirably sung, and gave great satisfaction. The other leading features of this portion were Macfarren's sparkling recitative and song with burden, "The Queen's Greeting" (May-day) charmingly rendered by Miss Pyne, and Mendelssohn's magnificent finale to the opera of "Lorely," in which Madlle. Titiens gave the soprano solo with exquisite effect. A recitative and romance, composed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg, called "Am Blumigen Rain," and sung by Herr Reichardt, was received with considerable favor. We cannot, however, accept the present concert as a decisive illustration of the stage to which musical art has advanced among us, nor of the ample resources at the command of the Academy, but we are glad to believe, from the numerical strength and fashionable character of the attendance, that the funds have been materially benefited by the experiment. Mr. Costa was the conductor, assisted by Mr. Lucas, conductor of the concerts of the Royal Academy.

There is a rumor that Prof. William Sterndale Bennett has formally withdrawn himself from all connection with the Royal Academy; whereupon the *Athenaeum* remarks:

This will surprise no one who reflects that he is the only composer of European reputation whom that luckless establishment has ever turned out; and that, therefore, he had no figure nor place in the "illustrative" concert got up by the noble amateur whose Mass was brought forward. So unanimous, indeed, is the feeling of every one with regard to this creditable exhibition, that it will not surprise us—still less be any cause for regret—if such puny life as lingered in the Academy is shaken out of it by Wednesday's concert. Had artists as a body more moral courage to resist intimidation in the form of cajolery, such things could never happen. While, however, it may be feared that the present is not the last case of the kind by many on which we may have occasion to animadvert, we shall not cease to fight the battle in defence of their independence, ungracious though the task be.

**CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.**—The last concert of CHARLES HALLE, (than whom no one seems to command more respect in England as an interpreter of classical music), took place July 8, and attracted an enormous audience. On this occasion he played Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, with Messrs. Sainston and Piatti; a Sonata by Clementi; Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violin, in G, with Sainston, and Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianos, with Miss Arabella Goddard and orchestra. A violoncello solo, by Piatti, completed the programme. Mme. SZARVADY's third Matinée (June 25) had the following programme:

Sonata in G, pianoforte and violin, Madame Szarvady and Herr Molière—Mozart. Suite de pièces, No. 5—Sterndale Bennett; Ronde, *Les Vendangeuses*—F. Couperin (le grand); and Lied ohne Worte, *Folkstied*, pianoforte, Mad. Szarvady—Mendelssohn. Grand trio, in B flat, op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Madame Szarvady, Herr Molière, and Signor Piatti—Beethoven. Sonata, in C sharp minor, op. 27, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Beethoven. Berceuse—Chopin; Air—Pergolesi; and Capriccio, *La Truite*, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Stephen Heller.

Mr. ELLA, and his "Musical Union," seems to have lost all favor with the critics by taking the task of criticism, — in other words, laudation — into his own hands. The *Athenaeum* gives a reason for abstaining from all report of his concerts, that the Director prefaced his prospectus for the past season by declaring "that no anonymous critics were admitted to his concerts," said declaration on the prospectus being followed up by a string of anonymous laudations which had appeared during the past ten years in the journals.

Mr. LOUIS RAKEMANN, who will be remembered here in Boston and New York, and who, for some years has been living in Italy, gave a concert at Willis's Rooms, July 15. The *Musical World* says:

It was a strictly classical affair, the selection comprising Mozart's quartet, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, executed by Messrs. Rakemann, Joachim, Webb, and Payne; Beethoven's sonata quasi fantasia for pianoforte, in C sharp minor op. 27, by Mr. Rakemann; Bach's prelude and fugue for violin, by Herr Joseph Joachim; Mozart's fantasia for pianoforte "à quatre mains," in F minor, performed by Messrs. Charles Hallé and Rakemann; Mendelssohn's capriccio for pianoforte, in E, op. 33, No. 2, played by Mr. Rakemann; and Beethoven's sonata for violin and pianoforte, op. 30, No. 1, in A, Messrs. Joachim and Rakemann at the instruments. With such a programme, it would be strange indeed if the audience were not a musical one, and the lover of classic music thoroughly satisfied. Merely to hear Herr Joachim in three pieces so widely separated

in point of style, treatment, and feeling, was worth a journey of twenty miles. It is useless to enlarge the great violinist. About his talents there is no difference of opinion. His playing in Mozart's quartet almost surpassed itself for grace, tenderness, and expression. Of course, Bach's prelude and fugue always creates the sensation of the evening when he plays; but to those who listen with the inward ear, such a performance as that of Mozart's quartet steals quietly to the heart, and leaves an almost ineradicable impression. Mr. Rakemann acquitted himself ably at the piano. Mozart's Fantasia for four hands, with such a consummate associate as Mr. Charles Hallé, could not fail to prove a rare treat. In Beethoven's Sonata, too, Mr. Rakemann indicated his classic acquirement no less than his classic predilection.

**SWEDISH NATIONAL SINGERS.**—From the *London Musical Gazette*, July 17.—Sweden—who has already laid her claim to a position in the art-world by issuing Thorwaldsen, Ole Bull, and Jenny Lind—has sent us nine of her glee-singers—as odd-looking fish as one would meet with in a good many days' march, but with a nationality and distinctness of character about their songs and singing that has its charm, and that will probably render them popular in England for some time to come. Here's a description of their appearance, taken from the *Morning Post*:

"The alto, a Laplander, we believe, looks as if he had been living upon train-oil all his life, whilst his attire displayed a curious cross betwixt that of a Chinese tea-gatherer and an English butcher. The principal tenor, with tight leather inexpressibles, and a huge stiff frill standing erect to the top of his head, resembled at once a bold sportsman and a frightened vulture. Another gentleman, with a very high hat running to a peak, and bandages about his legs, looked like a gouty Persian. Another resembled a half-starved Zouave in undress. The rest had the air of doubtful persons. All were differently attired, and presented an appearance more curious than picturesque."

This description is true as the needle. The oddity is increased by the variety of the costumes, and one is puzzled to conjecture why such difference should be, and particularly why some should wear their hats while they are singing, and others dispense with the capital surmount. Perhaps the singing is thereby influenced. We have heard of tenor singers whose chest notes depended much on the absence or presence of shirt studs. Whether the hatted or unhatted Swedes are the best vocalists, we cannot pretend to decide, for their unanimity is astonishing; their *crescendos* and *diminuendos* are managed to perfection, *sforzandos* and other suddennesses with equal adroitness, and they go as one voice. This being the case, and as one voice, or one singer, cannot both wear a hat and not wear it at the same moment, we have no means of separating these folks according to their respective merits, at which we are somewhat chagrined, for we do not like to be posed in this way. Besides, it is so unusual for habitude to be preserved in the presence of in-door company, that, if it is sanctioned in such an instance as this on the score of nationality, one wonders why, in the name of goodness, they should not all wear their hats. Verily, 'tis a knotty point.

The roundness of tone of these singers, both in loud and soft passages, is very remarkable, and *sforzandos* are produced with no less care than energy, the preservation of quality of tone in the sudden forcing of the voice being quite surprising. Their united power is extraordinary. It is evidently the result of constant practice together, and in this respect their performance will be a great "caution" to our concert vocalists, too many of whom regard rehearsals as very unnecessary ceremonies. The compositions which they introduce are very peculiar, and no composer's name is appended. They are, in all probability thoroughly national airs harmonized, for we did not, at our visit on Monday morning observe that much constructive skill had been brought to bear on their part-songs. A "Trump-marsch," though there is not much imitation of the drum introduced, is clever, and will, doubtless, become popular. A glee, by Bellman, in the refrain of which words are dispensed with, and the voices imitate horns, with much faithfulness, is also out of the common way. This is the only work to which a composer's name is attached, and possibly it is German.

We fear the encore nuisance has "obtained" considerably in Sweden. Her nine representatives do not evince the remotest intention of quitting the platform after the performance of one of their *morceaux*, nor are they particular as to the amount of applause awarded. They simply take off their hats—at least, such as have them, it is quite obvious that those who have not cannot join in the ceremony—replace them, and sing something else. This is not right. Madame Goldschmidt must invite them all to a national feed at Rochampton, and read them, in their native tongue, all that has been said against encores in *Punch* and the *Musical Gazette*. That estimable lady, by the by, was present on Monday with her husband and little girl.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Little Hans. Song or Duet. Curschmann. 25

A quaint little Duet for Tenor or Soprano. It is more generally performed as a Song, with the second part in the last verse omitted. As a Song it is in Germany often made use of by Concert-Singers. It is one of the most beautiful compositions of Curschmann, and the one that has most tended to make his name familiar with the great musical public.

Farewell (Addio) Trio, for two Sopranos and Tenor. Curschmann. 25

In the style of the well-known sacred Trio by the same composer. "Protect us through the coming night," and quite as fine. The words, which are a short, tender adieu to a beloved person, exclude it from the church, but make it doubly acceptable to the home-circle. The Tenor part may be taken by a Contralto, and in that case must be sung an octave lower than written.

Little Sunbeams. Ballad. Henry Farmer. 25

A light, pretty, little song, lively and gay, with a pretty picture for a title-page.

The Day I first thee saw, (Le jour où je te vis,) for Voice, Piano, and Flute Obligato. Fürstenau. 25

A Love Song, in slow-measured, pathetic strains, accompanied by the airy warblings of the Flute. The Flute part is easy of performance. Voice and Piano parts are even more so. There are so few compositions of this kind, that it is easy to select the best, of which this Song is one, unquestionably.

Home, Sweet Home. Transcribed by Osborne. 25

Another arrangement of this ever-pleasing Scottish melody, which will be sure to find its admirers. It is comparatively easy, and yet full of fine effects.

Il balen del sno sorriso, (Like a rainbow.) Romanza in "Il Trovatore." Transcribed by Osborne. 25

This is the first transcription of merit that has appeared in print, of this exquisite song of the Troubadour in Verdi's Opera. It is beautifully done, of but moderate difficulty, and should grace the portfolio of every Piano player who is fond of transferring the gems of song to the key-board of his instrument.

Scene de Bal. Valse brillante. H. Cramer. 40

A very brilliant and pleasing Waltz, in about the style and difficulty of Bergmüller's and Marschner's well-known Parlor Waltzes. Like all compositions of this author, it is distinguished by its perfect fitness for the instrument it is intended to be performed on. Every chord, every passage, is laid out in such a manner, that the right fingers will quite naturally take hold of them. This quality makes the Waltz but moderately difficult.

### Books.

Schneider's Practical Organ School, containing all necessary instructions in Fingering, Management of Stops, Pedals, &c., with a great variety of Exercises, Interludes, easy and difficult Voluntaries, &c., to which is added a complete Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass. Translated and adapted to the wants of young organists. 2.00

The author of the above work maintains a position in Europe as a teacher of organ music, the same as that held by Bertini, Czerny, and Hungen as teachers of the pianoforte. This method of instruction is not excelled by any similar work in all points necessary to the acquisition of a thorough and practical knowledge of the class of music of which it treats. The author is plain in the elucidation of every particular, and has taken special pains to impart, by examples and exercises, an acquaintance with what is sometimes called "the organ touch," which differs from that of the piano in its prolongation.

The Young Folks' Glee Book, consisting of nearly one hundred copyright Songs and Duets never before harmonized; and the choicest gems from the German and Italian. The whole arranged in a familiar style for the use of Singing Classes, Glee Clubs, and the Social Circle. By Chs. Jarvis.

Special attention is solicited to the general features of this work, as possessing universal attractions. The Copyright Songs, Duets, &c., comprise the best pieces of the leading publishers, inserted here by permission, and contained in no other book. Of the gems of German and Italian song, nothing need be said, as their beauties are universally known and admired; and their arrangement and collection in this form cannot fail to be duly appreciated by every lover of a highly-refined and classic style of music. Attention has been directed to the choice of words, and they will, in each case, be found elevated in sentiment, and adapted to the great mass of the people. In a word, the "Young Folks' Glee Book" is intended to be of a superior class in every particular. A glance at its table of contents will convince any one that what it was intended to make it, it really is.



